

# UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and  
Character in Religion

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## UNITY

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## Editorial

*And hark! how blithe the thrush sings!  
He, too, is no mean preacher;  
Come forth into the light of things—  
Let Nature be your teacher.*

*She has a world of ready wealth  
Our hearts and minds to bless,—  
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,  
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.*

—Wordsworth.

THE wish has been expressed that  
UNITY should announce the date of  
the Peace Congress. It will be held  
in the week beginning August 14.

A WORKINGMAN, in a Chicago pa-  
per, says: "The World's Fair never  
was open on Sunday. 'No admit-  
tance' cards were confronted every-  
where, and still they charged full  
fare for less than a half privilege."

This may also be one of the primal  
dishonesties, well meant but far-  
reaching.

THE Cambridge Divinity School  
will be represented at the Unitarian  
Congress next month by Prof. Toy,  
who will read a paper on "Old Testa-  
ment Criticism," and the Meadville  
School by Pres. Cary, who will read a  
paper on "New Testament Criticism."  
The revised program almost in its  
completeness will be found in our  
announcement column.

WE are informed by the Secretary  
that at the congress of the Free Re-  
ligious Association, to be held Sep-  
tember 20, as a part of the Parlia-  
ment of Religions, Col. T. W. Hig-  
ginson, Rev. Wm. J. Potter, Francis  
E. Abbott, Ph. D., Mrs. Anna Garlin  
Spencer, Dr. Edward McGlynn, Rev.  
Minot J. Savage, Mr. Mangasar Man-  
gasarian, and Mrs. Edna D. Cheney  
will speak, as will also the senior  
editor of UNITY.

THE woman's part in the Interna-  
tional Congress of Unitarians which  
will be held Friday afternoon, Sep-  
tember 22d, will be an unique one.  
The women's organization having  
had their field day last May, this  
session will be given to a discussion  
of Woman's Theological Emancipa-  
tion. Rev. Marion Murdoch will  
speak for the Unitarian, Mrs. Edna  
D. Cheney for the Free Religious  
movement, Miss Mary Cohen for the  
Reform Judaism, and, it is hoped,  
Miss Florence Kollock for the Uni-  
versalist movement.

WE call special attention to the pro-  
gram of the Unitarian Congress re-  
vised up to date. Our English brethren  
have at last been heard from. We much  
regret that they do not give us assur-  
ance of personal representatives, but  
are glad of the assurance that we  
shall have the words of such men as  
Professors Upton and Gordon and

the Rev. Messrs. Croskey and Wick-  
steed. We cannot think that En-  
gland will allow itself to be outdone  
by France and Scandinavia, and  
trust that it will yet see to it that  
we have at least one representative,  
in person, of the British and Foreign  
Unitarian Association. Let there be  
a full attendance.

WE commend to the attention of  
our thoughtful readers the words of  
our friend Mr. Sprague, of San Fran-  
cisco, found in our "Correspondence"  
department. He speaks out the de-  
sire of many hearts, and the clear  
judgment of a few. The true suc-  
cess, the ultimate triumph, not only  
of the Western Unitarian Confer-  
ence but of Unitarianism through-  
out the country and through-  
out the world, is to see the "Unita-  
rian" name fading like the morning  
star into the glory of the rising sun  
which it has heralded. The principles  
that underlie the Unitarian name  
and inspire the Unitarian movement  
have already received a recognition  
through other agencies than its own,  
which will necessitate a recognition  
of the same by a movement so large  
that it will include the Unitarian  
name, or such Unitarian organizations  
as are willing to profit by the en-  
largement, but can never be included  
by it or them. If Unitarianism  
knows its destiny and Unitarian or-  
ganizations are equal to their oppor-  
tunity, they will lead in this fusion  
and rejoice in the high synthesis that  
is to make for the free church of  
character, the Liberal Church of  
America.

THE *Christian Register* in noticing  
the coming International Unitarian  
Congress asks that the program be  
condensed from seven days to four.  
If our neighbor had studied the pro-  
gram closely, he would find that that  
is practically the condition of the  
program now: all the papers that be-  
long to the Congress proper are ar-  
ranged for Tuesday, Wednesday,



Thursday, and Friday. The socials arranged in the Church of the Messiah and Unity church and the Sunday preaching are matters of local hospitality. The one exhibit day for the Unitarians at the Parliament of Religions is a matter outside of the Unitarian Congress' control. As to the number of papers, the committee, in common with other denominations, had not in mind primarily the listening capacity of "ordinary Fair goers," but rather the completeness of the record up to date. They went on the theory that somebody would attend each session, and they hoped that subsequently all the papers would contribute toward the publication that will have permanent historic and educational value.

### "A CHICAGO TRICK."

The Sunday opening question continues to attract and distract thought. The fining by the Court of four or five of the leading officials of the Fair a thousand dollars each, for contempt of court in ignoring the injunction that forbade their closing Jackson Park under the laws of the State of Illinois, was an unexpected rebuke, and puts a puzzling turn to affairs. To our mind the decision of Judge Stein was a righteous one. Millionaires have no more right to presume on the indulgence of a court than the day-laborer. The former more than the latter are called upon to maintain the dignity of law; and whatever the ultimate merits of Judge Stein's injunction may have been, it was the business of all concerned to respect it until it was properly dissolved. Meanwhile we cannot regret that this discussion continues. The agitation is wholesome, educating; though it brings out in painful clearness the tendency, even of judicious minds, to indulge in sweeping generalities and unfair epithets. In illustration we give an extract from a private letter written by a clear-headed friend of UNITY and of the open Fair. Speaking of our editorial on the boycott he says:

To one at a distance—and perhaps in that matter distance lends disenchantment—it seems as if the boycott probably had little, probably very little, to do with keeping the Sunday crowd small; but that general reasons did it,—the Saturday's return for many visitors; the week's tire for all; the feeling that one couldn't see everything, the whole Fair and the Fair at work; the feeling that there might be a crowd, and of the persons the well-to-do would care least to see things with,

etc., etc., and then a sense, which I feel sure must be wide-spread, though in your article you did not even allude to it, that the attempted opening under the conditions of that national contribution was a trick, an attempt to keep the advantage of a promise while breaking the promise. I fear it has stamped the phrase "a Chicago trick" pretty effectually in people's memory the country over and abroad; and think thousands and thousands who thought the closing a Sunday desecration, and the condition imposed by Congress a desecration of the Constitution, thought the directors' action a desecration of honor, and by far the worst desecration of the three; for the first was more or less sincere, and the second more or less thoughtless, but the third a deliberate act of sharpness. Is it not true, too, that the great Sunday crowds hoped for would be mainly the local population of Chicago and its neighborhood,—and that there are thousands of these to whom the Fair would really be a tame show, and thousands more to whom the 50 cents admission, multiplied by two or three (for members of the family), would be a tax beyond their power? Is it not possible that the directors may yet try the effect of a *Saturday half-price day*? Wouldn't that draw the crowds, stir enthusiasm among the citizens at large to make the going possible for the employes, and actually make money for the directors?

In reply to the above we have little to say in the way of dissent. Doubtless all the points urged have great force. The main point we meant to urge in our editorial was that the boycott had succeeded in *intimidating the directors*. With our correspondent, we doubt very much whether it succeeded in keeping as many away as the Sunday-closing agitators claimed. We also regretfully recognize the mistakes and blunders of the directory in this matter, and admit the wide chasm between ideal ethics and the actual ethics prompted by the test of money success and financial necessity. The only thing we protest against in the letter of our friend is the insinuation contained in the phrase "a Chicago trick." This savors of that greatest hurt and most effective injury done to the Columbian Exposition from the start, the deep-seated distrust on the part of our Eastern friends of the integrity and good intentions of Chicago in this matter. There is an apparent incapacity on the part of some friends living east of the Alleghanies to believe in the genuineness of anything in Chicago. We suspect some of our New York friends distrust the consensus of the competent concerning the architectural triumphs on the Grand Court, and suspect that there is somewhere "a Chicago trick" in it. We do not say that wealthy men

are always honorable, that capital is not sometimes manipulated ignobly, but we do say that these things are not peculiar to Chicago. There are tricks in New York, and, if local papers are to be trusted, there are some devious ways in Boston. Our wealthy men in Chicago are not ideal. In this and other matters we have been quick to criticize, and perhaps too quick to blame. But we do believe that in this matter they have displayed public spirit, energy and enthusiasm,—and that in excess of the self-abandon of capitalists elsewhere,—which redound to their credit and not discredit. It is well known that there were thousands of favored visitors who found their way into the Philadelphia Exposition on Sunday through the closed gates. But it would be unfair to characterize that as a "Philadelphia trick." It is also well known that some New-Yorkers have put many hindrances in the way of the success of the Chicago Fair, but that is not a "New York trick."

Let Chicago men be held to severe standards; as severe as those of Boston or of London. Let blame fall where it belongs; but let us have done with this superstition about the *special depravity of Chicago*. It has its faults, many of them incident to its rapid growth, but it has its inspirations also. And from Chicago there radiates to-day and will continue to radiate for the next century, a river like that of the Apocalypse, in the midst of which grows a tree "whose leaves are for the healing of the nation." Intellectually, artistically, ethically and religiously Chicago to-day is a creative force, an inspiring factor, which deserves respect and confidence; which, we believe, compares favorably with anything that New York, Boston, or any other city on the globe has to send forth. There have been "tricks" in this business, but they have not been confined to Chicago, and the worst of them did not begin in Chicago. Let the nation take the primal shame, and blush for the trickiest trick, played by that tricky Congress when, under the guise of piety, it perpetrated in the Sunday closing law that violation of the religious liberty vouchsafed by the Constitution.

We greatly regret, with our correspondent, the action of the local directory in various particulars. But as a close student of them and near



neighbor to them, we desire to record our belief that they have tried to act honorably in this matter; that they are gentlemen who have sought to do the right thing, and that even with their mistakes they deserve the praise and confidence of their fellow citizens. And we urgently commend their example to the ampler millionaire living elsewhere.

### CUSTOM IN DEVOTION.

I recently met the pastor of a large independent German congregation in a neighboring city. He is a scholarly and devout man, and is kept very busy by the demands made upon him for pastoral work. The calls on him are numerous from those outside his charge. I was interested in many things he told me of the methods of his church. He will not have a Sunday school—because it is impossible to find teachers competent to give religious instruction. Classes for confirmation he prepares himself. His theory is that a Sunday school, to be of value, must never depend upon volunteer or gratuitous services, but must have a paid instructor thoroughly qualified for the work. We find this method realized in many Jewish synagogues.

His idea of domestic worship is worth noting. The custom is not quite obsolete of expecting the minister to offer prayer or say grace, on occasion, in the homes of his parishioners. Our pastor never prays in other people's houses. He dispenses with prayer in his own house, if there are strangers or persons not of the family present. If at a wedding supper he is requested to say grace, he asks the head of the family to do so, as his peculiar privilege. If the father replies that it is not his custom, then our pastor answers that we will omit it.

As a rule, the people are quite as much embarrassed as the young minister in trying to reach the right in such matters. There is apt to be very little independence on either side. The chief question is as to the "proper thing" to do. Yet some people like to hear prayers who do not like to make prayers. There are ministers who offer public and official prayers who have no custom of devotion in their own families. For some it would be easier to offer prayer in a church and before a large assembly than it would be in the presence of only wife or child.

This reminds us of what Rev. John F. W. Ware, formerly of the Arlington Street Church, Boston, once said in a public discourse of his father, Dr. Henry Ware: "As a child, when I traveled with my father, and we had the same room and got to our beds together, I remember that I marveled that I never saw him on his knees or heard his morning or evening prayer or could divine when he was praying." So the ancient Brahmins were instructed to pray apart and in secret. Not even a neighbor must be permitted to hear the petitions of his fellow—a literal fulfillment of the precept of Jesus to "enter into thy closet" in the act of devotion.

Yet more than any authorized or permissible use is the spirit and life. Is there reverence, patience, gratitude, aspiration? Is there sincerity, simplicity, spontaneity? Speech is welcome and appropriate, but silence may be safer. As some one says, "thanksgiving is well, but thanksgiving is better."

J. C. L.

### A CONVERT TO ROME.

The announcement that the Rev. Henry A. Adams, rector of the Church of the Redeemer in New York City, has left the Episcopal Church for the Roman Catholic fold has called forth some pretty severe comments from the Protestant press; the New York correspondent of the *Independent* being specially hostile in the tone of his remarks. In view of the fact that the papers which condemn him most strongly represent him as a young assistant minister, instead of the senior minister of a large parish, thus seemingly endeavoring to minimize the importance of the event, one cannot but feel that the event touches them more closely than they are willing to admit.

It is ungenerous and unfair to endeavor to convey the impression that some petty personal disappointment or unsatisfied ambition led Mr. Adams to the step he has taken. The fact is that Mr. Adams is one of the most unselfish and devoted ministers of our day. A man of large culture and marked eloquence, he declined large salaries to do the work that lay near his heart, and endeavored manfully to help the poor by preaching justice and brotherhood rather than charity. By so doing he moved the hearts of many of his hearers and helped them to a larger life.

But he doubtless offended many of the richer and more worldly of his congregation, the class of which the vestry is so largely made up. A high-churchman, believing in the divinely inspired character of the visible Church, it was but natural that the absurdity of the position should deeply impress and hurt him,—the discrepancy between theory and practice, where the Church, the representative of God upon earth, was governed not by those who had consecrated their lives to the divine service, but by those in whose lives religion played a small part—"rich men, sometimes immoral, often ignorant, usually officious."

In some respects the Episcopal Church is the most inconsistent of bodies; because, theoretically ecclesiastical, it not only shares with all the orthodox denominations the doctrine of the visible church of God, but it further shares the doctrine of the Roman church that the priesthood has received from Christ himself, through apostolic succession, divine authority to rule the Church,—i. e., the kingdom of God on earth. And therefore the control of vestry and church wardens over the parish, thus making the priest subordinate to the laity, is particularly illogical. The perception of this, and the recognition that in the Church of Rome the doctrine of apostolic succession, instead of being a meaningless fad, is practically carried out in church administration, is the head and front of Mr. Adams' offense in the eyes of the Episcopalians.

But we may presume that what rouses the ire of orthodox Protestants in general and of the *Independent's* correspondent in particular, is Mr. Adams' perception of the truth that he who would rest religion upon external authority rather than the Divine revelation of the Universe to the soul of man, can find no logical abiding place short of the Holy Catholic Church whose head professes to be the Vicar of Christ on earth, and which tells you positively what you shall or shall not believe; that, in short, there is no alternative between Rome and Reason. Yet in this Mr. Adams is certainly right. We must either accept religious truth upon authority or upon reason. If upon reason, we not only may, we must examine for ourselves, and reject so much of the doctrine offered to us as does not appeal to our minds and



hearts as true; and this opens the way for, and leads to, the rejection of much that is commonly taught as essential to salvation. If one maintains that the other alternative is the true one, and rests religion upon authority, he will find no resting place short of Rome. Is the Bible the authority? Which Bible—those books used by Romanists or those used by Protestants, the old translations or the new, the Hebrew version of the tenth or the Greek version of the second century? And where the writers differ, whom shall we follow, Ezekiel or Isaiah? Shall we accept Deacon Smith's interpretation or Parson Brown's? (If we really study the question for ourselves we must choose between this book and that, between Amos and Jeremiah, between Mark and John; and this involves the setting aside, the rejection, of one part of Scripture, where inconsistent with another—which is putting reason above Scripture.) The interpretation of the church is what the old orthodox Christians do actually rest upon; but that interpretation varies, and does not cover the whole ground of life. And while the Protestant churches actually offer a particular interpretation, they do not profess to be infallible. So the longing for certainty, for definite authority, remains unsatisfied. Rome alone undertakes to direct your life and claims to speak with absolute authority. Having decided, then, that in religion you must rest upon authority, you will not find *sufficient* authority to rest upon till you get to Rome.

And then? Can we rest upon authority which asserts a thing against which our mind and heart revolt? "Ah, there's the rub!" Perhaps this sensitive and earnest man who has followed Newman into the ancient church can find in practical work surcease from intellectual unrest. But we doubt it. Sooner or later we think the day will come when he shall be convinced in every fiber of his being of some practical or theoretic truth which the church authoritatively denies. Then he must question the Divinity of that authority to which he had till then so gladly surrendered himself. Mr. Adams is or was a believer in the land theory of Henry George. With Father McGlynn's experience before him, even though that devoted priest is at present in favor at Rome, we

should have thought this dissatisfied Episcopalian would hesitate to put his conscience under the guidance of the Roman church. That question may have been settled in his favor, but what of others likely to arise? He may think now that he will always be able to feel that the church's view is right, but will he? Can the contest between authority and freedom of thought, between Rome and Reason, ever be settled until the supremacy of the latter is recognized? No; the ultimate appeal must ever be to consciousness. No revelation can be received but through our human faculties. It is not a revelation to *us* until it is thus grasped. Man is not a compound, but a complex being. Reason and faith are not separate parts of him, acting independently. True faith and reason work together, the one impossible without the other. Man cannot be true to himself or God, and rest upon authority one moment longer than it coincides with reason. If the alternative fairly presents itself, he *must* decide in favor of reason.

What leads men to the endeavor to lean upon authority in preference to reason? The desire for rest; the longing for certainty. They will not believe that there is no royal road to knowledge; that life and knowledge now and here are necessarily imperfect; that revelation is a continuous process, which can only be received by carefully studying the whole manifestation of God,—the Universe,—as it unfolds itself before our quickening powers. When Mr. Adams' religious feeling shall have brought him to appreciate not only the greatness, but the *Infinity* of God, he will cease to cry out for definite authority. And then, perhaps, he will unite with us in the true catholic church, the open church of all souls. Ours is a creedless religion, not because we believe nothing, but because we recognize the immensity of the thought of God. Men have long *spoken* of the Infinity of God, but they have only begun to *realize* what it means. For us of the free church God is in very truth, as well as in word, *Infinite*. Recognizing this, we know that our best and highest thought of God cannot but be inadequate, and that, state our thoughts as best we may *to-day*, *to-morrow*—if, as we hope, we continue to draw nearer God—that statement will be

outgrown. Would that Mr. Adams could see that he would find more true happiness by going forward into the open alone with God, than by surrendering himself to the guidance of an authoritative church!

F. W. S.

## Men and Things

IT will hardly be believed that the chief electrician of the London Post office has recently conveyed a message by electricity from Cardiff to a little island three miles off in the Bristol Channel, without the intervention of a wire. What he did was to put a long wire on the shore and a shorter one on the island, fitting the latter wire with a "sounder" to receive the message, and sending the message by a powerful telephonic generator. That message from the mainland was distinctly heard on the island. The message did not travel through earth or water or even air, but was transmitted through ether by means of waves of a certain and probably unusual magnitude; or, to put it differently, as the London *Spectator* says: "It flew through a medium independent not only of human volition or energy, but of this planet, the medium which fills, so far as we know, all space, the medium through which light reaches us from the star Sirius." The principle being established, it is quite possible that if we had a generator strong enough we could send a wave of electricity to the planet Mars, where if a "sounder" was ready and human beings were there to hear, it would be audible; or to come nearer home, if we cannot some day communicate by telephone through the ether to New York or Melbourne without cables, the fault will be with our generators and sounders, for there is no natural law against it. Who shall say that beings may not exist who can in thinking a thought make that thought audible to finer ears than ours? The only person in these days likely to make mistakes is the one who says that this or anything else is impossible, for it seems as if we have come to the period when it is the impossible that happens. —*Exchange*.

THE forthcoming annual report of the Jewish Training School of Chicago, besides giving the ordinary items of interest as to size and success of this most admirable philanthropy in the ordinary directions of education, both manual and scholastic, adds some paragraphs relating to the tender watchfulness of the physicians in charge over those physically disqualified for the demands made upon those of sound bodies. Careful observation discovered cases of heart disease, and excused such children from gymnastic exercises. Defective eyes were fitted with proper glasses. Cripples, from the neglect and ignorance of parents, were cared for in a way, if possible, to cure, and if not, to ameliorate their condition. All this is quite an expense, but is not that *true charity*? Where is the school in which teachers take enough interest in their children to have their eyes examined, eyeglasses provided, splints and trusses made, and the source of puzzling conduct traced back to the germs of disease and counteracted? Where is the institution in which the teachers are educators in the real sense of the word and come in close contact



with the parents, and endeavor to straighten and properly shape everything suitable and necessary for the correct and successful breeding of the children?

—From the Reform Advocate.

HELEN LOUISE JOHNSON, editor of *Table Talk*, is demonstrating at the Chicago Exposition that electricity in cooking will do more to lighten the labor of the kitchen, save housework as well as money, than anything she knows of. All kinds of ordinary utensils heated by electricity are shown, and it is demonstrated that a steak can be cooked to a turn in four minutes and everything else in short order. The utensils include everything required for all kinds of cooking, from the making of pancakes to the baking of a ham, and even the hot-footed flat-iron is obtained by simply hooking on a cord and switching on the heat producing current. All the cooking on the whaleback, "Christopher Columbus," is done in this way, and the Minnesota Club, of St. Paul, uses electricity exclusively in its kitchen.

—Exchange.

SABBATARIANISM IN TORONTO.—The street cars in Toronto have never run Sunday, but a special election is soon to be held, upon the question of allowing them the privilege. Here is one of the arguments advanced by F. S. Spence, an opponent of the proposition: "If we have Sunday cars there will be thousands of people at the parks, and who will control these people? There will be all sorts of vice and extra policemen will be required to keep order. It is impossible to imagine the evil that will result." Mr. Spence should take the train for New York next Saturday, spend Sunday in this city and Brooklyn, and visit Central and Prospect parks.

—New York Evening Post.

DR. EMIL G. HIRSCH, at the Librarians' Congress, epigrammatically stated the value of the public library when he said it was the key to open the hidden territory of self-consciousness. Many other interesting papers were read, notably two by women: Miss C. M. Henries, of Hartford, on "The Pictorial Resources of a Small Library," and Miss S. R. James, librarian of the People's Palace, London, on "The People's Palace and Its Library."

—Exchange.

HEALTH is oftentimes a matter of moral perception. It is the full realization of the necessity of a sound body if one would have a sound mind; for it is the sound mind that keeps a moral balance and sees the true relations of men, of things, efforts. Overwork is more often the sin of zeal without knowledge than of intelligence; it is the blindness of selfishness that fails of recognizing the rights of others.

—Christian Union.

THERE have recently been discovered in the high Alps, near the summit of the great St. Bernard, five large granite altars and numerous other relics of the stone age used in pagan epochs for sacrifices. Swiss scientists consider this discovery a proof that Mount St. Bernard was a place of sacrifice in pagan times, and that the canton of Valais must have been inhabited by human beings as far back as the stone age.

—Exchange.

MRS. VIOLA FULLER MINER, who graduated from the Minnesota State University in 1877, with the degree of B.

L., lately died at her home in Minneapolis. Mrs. Miner was one of the growing number of college women who make a special application of their learning and training to house and home questions. The crowning effort of her life has been the preparation of a comprehensive treatise on domestic economy from a scientific standpoint. To fit herself for this work she took a post-graduate course in natural science. Her book, which was nearly completed at the time of her death, covered the entire range of home development in its fullest sense, from the selection of a building site, and it was intended to form a thesis that would entitle her to a higher college degree.

—Woman's Journal.

MRS. CHRISTINE LADD FRANKLIN has an erudite article on "A New Theory of Light Sensation," in the June number of the Johns Hopkins University Circulars, published with the approbation of the Board of Trustees. It is an abstract reprinted from the proceedings of the International Council of Experimental Psychology in London last year.

ONE by one the objections to the higher education of women become arguments for it.

OUR genial friend of "The Pulpit," in the *Advance*, observing that the text, "We saw one casting out devils and forbade him," is a favorite Scripture with the defendants of Dr. Briggs, is moved to say, "The application to this case is not so apparent, as the Union Professor has not been casting out the devil." No; he has only tried to cast him out and failed. The devil is still in the Presbyterian body, in about his original dimensions. But he must be cast out or he will rend and ruin the unfortunate possessor. It is all a matter of taste; but it seems queer to an outsider that the General Assembly should prefer the devil to Dr. Briggs.

—Christian Leader.

THE Brooklyn bridge is just ten years old. The cities were allowed to build it for themselves, as capitalists saw no money in it. Fifteen thousand people crossed in one day ten years ago. One hundred and fifty thousand people crossed in one day last week. Its cable fare, reduced to two and one-half cents, provides a surplus revenue of half a million dollars. The bridge will last a thousand years and cost the people nothing. It is paying for itself as fast as its bonds can be redeemed. Capitalists are now ready to build two more bridges, better and more costly ones. They see money in it now. Do the people see anything?

—Twentieth Century.

THE fifteen new forest reservations recently created by the government are described in the July number of the *Review of Reviews*, and maps are presented showing the exact location of each. These regions are scattered throughout the great western half of the country, and aggregate in extent probably not less than fifteen million acres. The writer makes plain the importance of preserving the great forests which guard the headwaters of many of our large rivers and urges that the undertaking so splendidly begun may be further extended.

—Times.

ABOUT five hundred Detroit women who are enthusiastic over the passage of the law that gives them the right of municipal suffrage celebrated the fact by a ratification meeting on the 4th of

July. The State of Michigan holds an enviable reputation for its progressive ideas in educational matters. It has now given another proof of its advancement along the lines of common sense and justice.

—Exchange.

ANOTHER literary landmark of London will disappear very soon when the house in Staple Inn, occupied by Dr. Samuel Johnson, is torn down. This abode of the great dictionary maker is to be leveled so that its site may be used for an extension of the British Patent Office. It was while living here that Dr. Johnson wrote "Rasselas," the little book that was "dashed off" in a week to pay his mother's funeral expenses.

—Exchange.

A CHICAGO contemporary complains that \$60,000 was spent on a recent New York wedding "and it lasted only fifteen minutes." But Chicago's local experience is not safely applicable to events in New York. Weddings are always expected to last much longer than that here, and indeed a single one has often been known to serve for a whole lifetime.

—Life.

THOMAS DENBY, who has charge of the Bible Society in New York, on being asked to cover the Bibles at the Exhibition on Sunday, replied: "I have never veiled the Bible from eyes that hankered after a sight of it yet; and at this time of life" (he is white-haired) "I do not propose to begin."

—Exchange.

THE Rev. Dr. Joseph J. Synnott, of Seton Hall College, South Orange, was among the number who received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Yale, on Wednesday. Dr. Synnott is, we believe, the first Roman Catholic priest to be thus honored by Yale.

—Exchange.

TUFTS COLLEGE is to establish a scientific and manual training school for students of both sexes. The school is made possible by the receipt of a fund for its maintenance, which comes to the college under the will of Henry B. Pearson, who died many years ago.

—Woman's Journal.

ANY persons having letters from Bishop Brooks which might be useful in preparing his biography, are requested to send them, or copies of them, to Rev. Arthur Brooks, 209 Madison avenue, New York City.

CORPORAL punishment for women exiled to Siberia and manacled their feet during transportation have been forbidden by the Russian Government.

—N. W. Christian Advocate.

IN planning your summer holiday, do not forget to do something for somebody who is too poor to get away from the city. Good deeds are the best investments in life.

—Baltimore American.

"PAPA," said Jack, "what is extravagance?" "Well, my son," returned the wise parent, "if you had a 75-cent straw hat blown off into the sea, it would be extravagant to hire a boat for \$1 to go out and get it."

—Exchange.

STILL IN DOUBT.—*First Little Girl*: "Has your sister begun takin' music lessons yet?" *Second Little Girl*: "She's takin' somfin' on th' piano, but I can't tell yet whether its music or type-writin'." —*The Daily Traveller*.

THIS world was made for poor men; and therefore the greatest part of it was left out of doors, where everybody could enjoy it.

—Exchange.



## Contributed and Selected

## ALL IN ALL.

Let thy work appear unto thy servants, and thy glory unto their children. And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us; and establish thou the work of our hands upon us. Yea, the work of our hands, establish thou it.—Ps. xc. 16-17.

My eyes are Thine, that earth may show  
To Thee its blossomings;  
My ears, that Thou mayest hear Thy birds  
At their dear rapturings.

To Thee the mountains look sublime  
When they my vision please;  
To Thee I bring the splendors of  
Thy chanting emerald seas.

That Thou mayest rapture in a child,  
My heart is love for Thee;  
Its happy tendernesses give  
Their answer back through me.

And so interpreter I am  
Of all that Thou hast made;  
When Thou wouldst joy in all Thy earth,  
Thy life in mine is laid.

And so of this that's ugliness,  
And this that's dreadful pain;  
Through me Thou feelest every moan,  
And every sad refrain.

O, help me, that I faithful be  
To all Thy holy need,  
That less my sad unfaithfulness  
Make thee and nature bleed.

Such blessed unity with Thee  
May I more realize,  
That for Thy faithful love to see  
I give Thee faithful eyes;

That I in steadfast heart and hand  
Be but Thy holy will,  
Thy moral grandeur moving men,  
Till they Thyselves fulfill.

Then deeper will the earth in joy  
Of holiness increase,  
And not an ugly troubling be,  
But only holy peace.

Thou art a God of beauty, and Thy creation is fashioned fair. Thy beauty comes forth in the violets by wayside and in field. It flies and sings with the bobolinks, and answers their song in the blossoming orchards. Its tenderness is in stars. Its grandeur is in burning noonday and in evening skies. It neighs in the strong horse and bleats in the gentle lamb. In mountains and oaks it is mighty, in seas it is sublime. It blows in the sweet breath of summer, and comes forth in the waving harvests, the blushing grape, the orchard's autumn robe of silk and satin dyes. It is the wonder in the storm's terrible loveliness, and its marvel is a breathing spirit of gentleness everywhere. In that dear kiss of wife it is, in this dear baby face. In friendships tender, true, and wise, it hallows days and makes the hours like song. Within me it is beauty to answer all the beauty that's without. Something is within that knows and loves the violets, the

bobolinks and skies; that strengthens in the mountains and the seas; that trembles in the storms, and is at peace in quiet winds; that goldens with the grain and mellows in the fruit; a little child within to laugh back at the little child without; a noble friend within to give true love for love; a breathing marvel of the soul to know and understand the breathing marvel everywhere in all that Thou has made. What multitudes of tender thoughts Thou givest me! What beauties of the brain and heart! What love to answer Thine and know that Thou art Father everywhere, with dearest, tenderest, wisest love for all. Sometimes a lip I am, and all about me golden pipe that Thou dost play, and filling all with sacred music, until I am at peace and know I am forever with Thee in Thy perfect life, in spite of every change and shadow that may fall. And yet—and yet there's heartbreak, Lord, the things about I shrink from, the ugly deaths I fear and moan about. Ah, me! I so lament a dear one gone, a little child Thou gavest me. Her voice—O, that it might speak to me now! her kisses be upon my face, her arms about me, all her laughing love outjoying for me every other thing on earth! O, could she speak to me from Thy bright other world, her dear face show, and make it certain that the meeting hour will come! But silence all about and darkness of the grave, no face, no voice, no conscious nearness! And so the violet loses beauty, and a voice of sorrow moans in all the songs of birds. And I am not alone in grief. All hearts are sometimes touched with this same agony. This loneliness is desolation for us all; for all, this voice moans in the melodies of time. O, keep us from despair! Still keep us deep in love with Thee; still may our hearts be the unswerving trust that love and wisdom is in all, to give at last a perfect peace and joy in fullness of Thine own eternal life. Give us to see more clearly every day that Thy work is only making, not done and hopeless marred; that we are only lost as statue in the marble when the quarry holds, or when in studios it is but coming forth, imperfect yet. Give us to strengthen and grow joyous in the faith that Thou art using everything—what pains, what gladdens, what brightens, what makes dark—to bring forth in us all Thy holy beauty, till at last the children of Thy heart's deep thought are laughing in Thy dear eternal home; the gladness then, the glory of the sorrow now, the peace the blossom of the trouble sore, the life the holy dawn that hides in every death, the finding of our lost loves there outweighing far this lonely losing for a little while. Then shall such faith Thy dear companionship make real, and through the fields of life together we will go in contemplation sweet, in conversation glad,—we joying in our Father, Thou so pleased in children that can love Thee and can understand. Amen!

All beauty that without me lies  
Is there to fashion me,  
A child of beauty that Thy heart  
May love so joyously.

A bird Thou lovest for itself;  
Thy heart flies in its wings;  
Some dear enchantment of Thyselves  
In all its music sings.

But yet it flies its happy way  
Within Thy tender thought,  
That somehow all its beauty may  
Within my heart be wrought.

It wakens life within my soul  
That deathless beauty gives;  
That life, its happy counterpart,  
In me eternal lives.

And so of all these wondrous things  
That stir my senses so,  
They are without, that I within  
May in their graces grow.

Thy whole creation joys Thy heart  
For its own beauty's sake;  
And yet Thou dost through all its ways  
Thy human children make.

And they can love Thee as no bird  
Abroad on happy wing;  
They understand Thy holy thought:  
They feel Thy passioning.

So through creation moves my life,  
That it may move in me,  
And Thou at last may have a child,  
Thy heart's dear company.

The travail of my making, then,  
Will both so satisfy;  
Thou, as a bird's own beating heart,  
I, as its wings that fly.

O life eternal flying, then,  
One heart that happy beats;  
My love in Thine is perfected,  
Thy life mine own completes.

PASTOR QUIET.

## THE WEAKNESS OF SELF-CONSCIOUSNESS.

The restlessness with which many men and women are afflicted does not come, as they often think, from their surroundings, but from themselves. It is an old truth, which each man must learn for himself, that we do not bind happiness and content; we carry them with us. We are always transferring to conditions and surroundings a responsibility which belongs to us, and we are always trying to get from conditions and surroundings that which we can get only from ourselves. It is a sign of the greatness of our natures that we carry within us the seeds of happiness or unhappiness, and that, in spite of our intimate and necessary relations with the world, we are fundamentally independent of it. Of itself it can neither give us peace and content nor take them away. The secret of peace is self-mastery; the conscious direction and control of our inward lives; the putting of the thought of self in the background, and the free reception of all that life offers us, and the unconscious outgoing of all our activities in response. In no way is this self-mastery more distinctively shown than in the diminishing self-consciousness and an increasing unconsciousness. Many good men and women are hampered and distressed by self-consciousness; by the fatal intrusion of self at the



moment when a clear field and a clear vision are necessary. Such men rarely look through a clear atmosphere; they see through an atmosphere which distorts and exaggerates all objects. Instead of having the stars for company on the long, hard journey, they stir up the dust of the road to such an extent that the heavens are obscured. Instead of seeing the world clearly and steadily, they see it always in relation to themselves; instead of deciding each question in a clear, intelligent mood, they are confused and perplexed by the intrusion of the personal element. This temper is not egotistic, for self-conscious men and women are often unselfish and generous to a degree; it is, rather, egoistic, or the undue and abnormal consciousness of self. And it is a weakness, because it throws the nature out of harmony, diminishes its capacity for growth, and destroys its repose and content. All the deepest thoughts come out of our unconsciousness, out of that profound resting upon God in which there is no thought of self; and the more unconscious we can become, the richer, the stronger and greater we are. To turn our conscious thoughts and moods into unconscious ones is the need of those who would live the whole life which God opens to us; to get away from the shallows of our small selves, and spread sail on the shoreless sea of truth and action and life.

—The Outlook.

### THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

From the Chairman of the General Committee on Religious Congresses, World's Columbian Exposition, we learn the following facts:

The World's First Parliament of Religions will convene Monday, September 11. The sessions will be held in the Hall of Columbus (seating about 3,000), in the new Art Palace on the Lake Front, already made famous as the meeting-place of the many congresses of the World's Congress Auxiliary. The sessions will continue seventeen days.

It has been definitely settled that H. Darmphala, general secretary of the Maha-Bodhi society of India, will attend the Parliament of Religions as the accredited representative of the Southern Buddhist Church.

The chairman of the general committee, Rev. John Henry Barrows, D. D., is in receipt of a communication from the Archbishop of Zante, in Greece, who signifies his intention of being present at the Parliament. The archbishop will come in his personal capacity, the Holy Synod of Greece having decided to be thus unofficially represented.

President Bonney is authority for the statement that the congresses so far held have been successful beyond all expectations. He realizes, however, that the bright particular jewel of the congress coronet will be the Parliament of Religions.

Japanese Christianity will have as its representative at the Parliament the Rev. J. T. Yokoi, of Tokyo. Mr. Yokoi has an international reputation as a speaker of great force, and nothing but approval has been expressed upon all sides at his selection for this important position.

One of the most interesting figures at the Parliament will be Mr. Minas Tcheraz, of London, who will come among others on behalf of the Armenian Church. Mr. Tcheraz had the honor of representing the Armenian people at the Congress of Berlin, for which service the Sublime Porte has banished him from Turkey.

The Free Religious Association of the United States has applied for and has been given a day for holding its regular annual convention in connection with the Parliament of Religions. The date assigned is Sept. 20, and among the speaker will be Rev. William J. Potter, Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, Francis E. Abbott, Mrs. Edna D. Cheney, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

Among the eminent Roman Catholic divines from abroad who will address the Parliament are Monsignor D'Harlez, of the University of Louvain, and Monsignor D'Hulst, of Paris. Representing the American hierarchy will be his eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishops Ireland, Ryan and Chapelle, and Bishops Keane and Spalding.

University and college faculties will contribute largely to the program of the Parliament. President J. G. Schurman, of Cornell, is slated for an address, as also are Prof. W. C. Wilkinson, of the University of Chicago; President W. P. Martin, of the Imperial University, of Peking, China; Prof. Richard T. Ely, of the University of Wisconsin; Prof. O'Gorman, of the Catholic University of America, at Washington, D. C.; Prof. George P. Fisher, of Yale University; Prof. Thomas Dwight, M. D., of Harvard, and others.

Many who intend being present at the Parliament will be glad to know that the Rev. Dr. Jessup and Dr. George E. Post, of the Syrian Protestant, of Beirut, have signified their intention of coming to Chicago for the great event.

Judaism will make a strong presentation at the Parliament. Among the Jewish rabbis who have already been selected to make addresses are Dr. Berkowitz, Dr. Wise, Dr. K. Kohler, and Dr. Silverman.

The Presbyterian General Assembly one year ago frowned officially on the Parliament of Religions. This action, however, did not prevent some good orthodox ministers of that church putting their seal of approval on the plans of the Parliament. Among the host may be singled out Doctors Ellinwood, Patton, Green, DeWitt, Hunt, Willis Beecher, Happer, Haydn, Briggs, Van Dyke, Sample, Morris, Riggs, William C. Roberts, William H. Roberts, Mar-

vin R. Vincent, Schaff, C. L. Thompson, Ecob, Parkhurst, W. A. Bartlett, Niccolls, Teunis L. Hamlin, Ray, Withrow, Worrall, McClure, Tuttle, McPherson, Freeman.

The foreign delegates to the Parliament, especially the non-Christian, will, it is hoped, have all hospitality extended to them during their visit to Chicago. This will be a grand occasion for the Christian people to emphasize the teaching of Christ in their relations with these visitors. It is confidently hoped that for them many latch strings will be hung within easy reach.

India will send to the Parliament, among others, the Hon. Rai May Das, who will tell the world what Christianity has wrought for India.

### IN THE DARK.

Oh, in the depths of midnight,

What fancies haunt the brain.

When even the sigh of the sleeper

Sounds like a sob of pain.

A sense of awe and of wonder

I may never well define,

For the thoughts that come in the shadows

Never come in the shine.

The old clock down in the parlor,

Like the sleepless mourner grieves,

And the seconds drip in the silence

As the rain drips from the eaves.

And I think of the hands that signal

The hours there in the gloom,

And wonder what angel watchers

Wait in the darkened room.

And I think of the smiling faces

That used to watch and wait

Till the click of the clock was answered

By the click of the opening gate.

They are not there now in the evening—

Morning, or noon—not there;

Yet I know that they keep their vigil

And wait for me somewhere.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

## The Kind of

medicine

you need is the

old reliable tonic and

blood-purifier,

# AYER'S SARSAPARILLA

It

can have

no substitute.

Cures others,

## will cure you



## Church-Door Pulpit

### CULTURE WITHOUT COLLEGE.

BY W. C. GANNETT.

It is vacation time. The boys and girls have shut their school books, the school rooms are given up to janitors, the teachers are resting in the country places or have themselves turned into scholars in the summer schools or at Chicago. It is a good time, in this breathing space, to say over again to ourselves certain homely old truths about education, which we are apt to forget in the school hours; certain old truths about education which those who go to school, and those who have got through school, and those who hardly ever have had a chance for school, all equally need to bear in mind. Homely truths which the school masters and the school books comparatively little emphasize, yet which are more important than anything which they do emphasize; truths about the fundamental education, that which underlies all other education, and which all the rest is *for*; and which goes on independently of time and place, equally in school and out of school, equally in term-time and in vacation, equally in youth and age; truths about the fundamental education which knows no vacations.

And this is the very first thing to say about the matter: One girl and one boy can go to Harvard College or to Wellesley or Ann Arbor or Cornell, while a thousand boys and a thousand girls can not go. *Let not the thousand think that culture without college is impossible for them.*

But of the thousand many say, perhaps, that they do not care for "culture" anyway. Yet "culture" is but a sort of glory-word for education. There is a flower-hint in "culture," that suggests not only the process of growing and unfolding, but the beauty of the blossom and the service of the fruit at last. When men laugh at it, the very misspelling—"culchur"—shows that what they laugh at is not the real thing, but some dwarf and caricature that apes the real thing. No one that is wise laughs at the true culture. Everybody that is wise wants it. Everybody that is wise tries for it. Culture is that which turns the little, sour, wild crab-apple of the roadside into the apple of the orchard. Culture is that which turns the clumsy apprentice into the workman who is an honor to his calling. Culture is that which transforms the willful, crying child of five years into the earnest boy of ten, the self-controlling man of twenty, the helper of men at thirty, the loved of men at fifty. Nobody really laughs at this. The laugh comes in when this large, inspiring word is dwarfed to mean a bookish education only; or—dwarf of a dwarf—a mere text-bookish education, such as the high-school and college are sometimes thought to give. And sometimes do give.

Yet if to-day they give no more than that, it is the fault of boy and girl rather than of the school. Our colleges and high schools have much yet to learn, but no one knows this better than themselves; the educators were never quite so wise as now in suspecting their own methods, and never more in earnest to find out better ones. By all means go to college, if you can; or if, when young, you could not go, give your boys and girls the chance you missed. That is an uncolleged parent's glory—to give his child the education that he missed. Go to college if you can, for the college is a green-house for the mind, where its faculties can be started and trained more quickly than outside. But, after all, the great crops on which the country feeds are not started in the green-houses, and the great faculties of mental and moral nature have no vital need of college training. Yes, go to college, especially if you have to pinch in order to get through it; for that pinch on the money side will halve the college dangers and may double the college profits for you. But whether one goes or not, keep two main facts in mind: this, first, that education depends chiefly on the boy, not on the place, even when the place is the best college in the land; and this, second, that, in the boy or girl, it depends more on the will power than the brain power. And what are these two facts but saying that culture can be won outside of college by means which nearly all of us can master? So I repeat: while one boy and one girl can go to Harvard or Cornell, and a thousand boys and girls cannot, let not the thousand think that culture without college is impossible.

#### THE MAIN OF EDUCATION,—WHAT IS IT?

Rather let each one of the thousand think just the other way, and repeat often to himself or herself, "Culture without college is possible, and possible for *me*!" Keep that motto bright on the mind's inner wall. It is possible because the main of education lies in self-disciplines—self-disciplines in certain habits that are the tap-roots of both mind and character. Parents, teachers, friends, employers, home, school, workshop, travel, never make one grow; they only offer us materials for growth; "each for himself" is the inevitable law of the actual growing. No one can assimilate the materials and make mind from them except one's self, just as no one can digest another's dinner for him. Education is always at bottom a self-discipline, and all of us, to speak exactly, are "self-made" men. What is more, these tap-root habits lie at the bottom of everybody's culture, and are the same for all, college men and uncolleged need them alike. Rich men and poor men need them alike. Talent and genius need them as much as the ordinary mind.

What are they—these tap-root habits? They lie in three great groups.

First, and underlying all, those habits by which we adjust the powers within us to each other: I mean self-control and temperance, courage to bear, courage to dare, concentration, energy and perseverance. Do you call these mental, or do you call them moral, habits? Practically they are both. They make the tap-root of both mind and character. It is they that compact the man into a unit, into a "person." And without them high success in any life-path is impossible. One cannot go far in book-knowledge without them; cannot go far on in his trade without them; of course cannot rise far toward nobleness without them. Without them the average man dooms himself to remain all his life a half-failure. Without them talent is lopsidedness and genius top-heaviness, sources of downfall rather than of rise. But with them, whether one be dull or talented, every year of life sees growth, advance, uprise.

Next, another group,—those habits by which we adjust ourselves to other people: habits of justice, of sympathy, of courtesy and of the public spirit which begins in self-forgetting for those we love, and widens into self-forgetting for all whom we can help. And besides these two, a third group—those habits by which we adjust ourselves to our ideals; habits of loyalty to truth as truth, of delight in beauty as beauty, of reverence for goodness as goodness. In this last group we reach religion.

As we name these great names over one by one, the feeling rises in us,—these surely are the main things in culture; to have these habits is to have vigorous mind, firm character, high tastes. Specialties of knowledge and of art are good, but these are worth more than any specialty the college gives. Think them over once again, these man-making habits: the power of self-control, the power to dare and to bear, the power to face obstacles, to stand and push; the splendid power of centering one's whole mind in fixed acts of attention; the power to side instinctively with right against the wrong, to side with the weak against the strong, to side with public against selfish ends; the power to obey with answering joy a call to come up higher. Yes; this, this, is the real culture! And he who strengthens these powers in himself is a well-educated man. Now all these noble powers can be attained without high school or college. Then culture without college is possible—and for me!

#### THE THREE TEACHERS: (1.) ONE'S WORK.

Who are the teachers that teach these things to us—us who cannot go to Harvard or Cornell? The teachers are three in number—Work, Society, Books; and the greatest of the three is one's Work. To our work we owe more education than to anything else in life, spite of the hard names we sometimes give it. Work makes mind: work makes character. No



work, no culture. It matters less than we are apt to think what the work is, so that it be hard enough to require will, attention and honor to do it. Of all the educating forces, a steady need to do something promptly, persistently, accurately, and as well as we can, stands paramount, because nothing else so vitalizes those primary roots of mind and character, the habits that came first upon our list. "Every man's task is his life-preserver," Emerson reminds us: he means our soul's life. The workless people are the worthless people, even to themselves. What wealth gives, or should give, is choice of work, but not exemption from it. The man born rich is born into danger; he, as also the man quick to win riches, must make himself trustee for causes not his own, or else his riches become his doom. In our land at least, a "gentleman," whatever else he is, is a good workman; that is, one who has something to do, who can do it well, and who always does it well. To-day even the daughter of wealth elects a task to save her life. To be a true woman, to be an educated woman, she must stand for some good work well done.

Well done, for, if our work is to teach us, it must be good work—good as we can do. The culture in it is proportioned to the quality of it—not the absolute quality, but the quality as proportioned to our power. And good work means first or last, and usually both first and last, hard work. The master-workmen in any trade or profession have always been hard workmen. The actor Kean was a master on the stage; he practiced two days on a single line, but when he spoke the five words, they melted the house to tears. Hard work did that. Ruskin is a master in the art of making sentences; he tells us he has often spent several hours in perfecting a single period. Hard work, again. Edward Everett Hale is a master in the art of writing short stories. To write the well-known story, "In His Name," took a journey in Europe, the ransacking of a Lyons book-shop for old pamphlets, a study of the history of poisoning, a week or two shut up in a country house, and then, says he, "I was ready to go to work." George Eliot was a mistress in the art of writing a long story; she spent six weeks in Florence before beginning "Romola" in order to catch the trick of language among the common people of the city, and her husband said that before writing her "Daniel Deronda" she read a thousand books on Jewish history. Hard work, that; and she was a genius, too! Darwin was a master-workman in science. In his scrap of autobiography he explains the success of his book, "The Origin of Species," by two causes: (1.) It was so slowly written. More than twenty years of collection and arrangement of facts preceded its publication, and that publication was his fifth re-writing. First came a short, con-

densed statement; then another; then a long, full statement; then an abstract from this, and, at last, abstracted from this abstract, came the book. What patient labor! Yet Darwin was a man before whose genius all the men of science in the world would stand in reverence. And (2) for years it was his "golden rule," as he calls it, to note and study every fact that seemed opposed to his theory. The result of this rule was that his book, when it appeared, was a sifted argument presented at its strongest, anticipating most of the objections that were raised to it. Hard work, all this, as he himself knew well; for it was himself who said: "Whenever I have found out that I have blundered, and when I have been contemptuously criticised, and even when I have been overpraised, it has been my greatest comfort to say to myself: 'I have worked as hard and as well as I could, and no man can do more than this.'"

Such instances hint how master-workmen educate themselves by and in their work to be the masters. And if this be true in book-making, it is no less true of any humblest task. Hear what Mrs. Garfield once wrote her husband, the man who was to be the President: "I am glad to tell you that, out of all the toil and disappointments of the summer just ended, I have risen up to a victory. I read something like this the other day: 'There is no healthy thought without labor, and thought makes the labor happy.' Perhaps this is the way I have been able to climb up higher. It came to me one morning when I was making bread. I said to myself, 'Here I am, compelled by an inevitable necessity to make our bread this summer. Why not consider it a pleasant occupation, and make it so by trying to see what perfect bread I can make?' It seemed like an inspiration, and the whole of life grew brighter. The very sunshine seemed flowing down through my spirit into the white loaves; and now I believe my table is furnished with better bread than ever before. And this truth, old as creation, seems just now to have become fully mine, that I need not be the shirking slave of toil, but its regal master, making whatever I do yield its best fruits."

It is a great comfort and inspiration amid long, hard tasks to remember all this, and to say to one's self: "Why, this is going to college for me; this task is the day's lesson; I'm not a drudge, but a pupil; do this as well as I can, and there is education, there is 'culture,' in it for me." The sense of quantity in the task may tire and age us, often does; the sense of high quality put into it refreshes and makes young. Many of us contrive to miss the joy by not doing the work well enough to get it.

#### (2.) SOCIETY.

The second teacher for those of us who cannot go to college is Society. And, as with the head-teacher, Work, we scarcely realize how much

we owe this tireless assistant, and how much more it can teach us than it does, if we will let it. "Every man my school master," is a motto for the wise. It is said of Daniel Webster that he never met a stable-boy without extracting some bit of information from him that was worth remembering. Probably no eye meets eye, no hand clasps hand, no two voices mingle in a minute's conversation without some actual interchange of influence, unconscious if not conscious. Think, then, of the education always going on for good or ill! A wilderness of varied character stretches around us in every social circle. The heroes and the villains of the novels walk our streets, and we ourselves are the stuff that Shakspeare's plays are made of. The carpenter and the carpentress, the grocer and the grocer's wife, the parson and the lawyer, and the broods of playing children hold more texts than any text-book. If we can only read well our neighbors, each, like a bit of scripture, is "profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness;" and the best among them are "inspired of God" to reveal to us—what? Ourselves, our unknown possibilities, the sleeping powers within us—and to make us come up higher. "Our chief want in life—is it not somebody who can make us do what we can? We are easily great with the loved and honored associate." As if unexplored wastes of human nature lay within us all, waiting for some Livingstone or Kane to come that way. Blessed are they who have the eyes to see to the inside of a neighbor!

Among discoverers thus gifted are men we put upon the school-committee, send to the Legislature, elect as Mayor and as Governor, make overseer of the very college that, as boys, they longed, but never could afford, to go to. And these men might answer, should we ask them about their schooling,—“My schooling? I have had none to speak of. My school-masters have been the men and women I have met in parlors, in the church, in the caucus, in the shop, the counting rooms, on 'Change. One taught me manners; one taught me tact; she raised my standards of justice and truthfulness and honor; he widened my ideas of public spirit; this one showed me how to save time in my work, and that one how to spend my leisure to advantage; and many a man and many a woman has served to warn me by making my mistakes for me. I have seldom faced a neighbor without facing a teacher.” He who can truly say such things was born for education, and will get it, whether he go to college or not.

But how is it that they manage to extract so much—these head scholars in the bookless school? Some do it by that gift of eyes to see the inside of a neighbor; others have a genius for geniality. But, as in work, so in so-



ciety, few win a great success without deliberate effort. There is no easy, royal road to any art. To extract the good out of society takes bravery, takes modesty, takes a kind heart, takes a high aim. Bravery to conquer shyness, if one has it; for some poor fellows it takes campaigns of suffering to conquer shyness! If we know that we are shy, better launch ourselves into the party, though we drift to the wall forlorn; better send ourselves to dancing school, though we only dare to dance with the little girls; better make ourselves tell the story at table until we can tell it, and others can hear it, without a shudder. By and by we shall hug and bless ourselves for all this bravery. But through it all keep bravery's twin, modesty; for modesty gives the ready passport through the lanes of good society. The clean, kind heart is needed, too, for this alone admits one past the outer doors and the reception rooms of courtesy to the inner living rooms of mind and heart. And the high choice is needed which companions the best side, not the poorer side, in men, and which instinctively seeks friends among those brighter and nobler than one's self. Four things,—it takes them all; bravery, modesty, a kind heart, and high choices in comradeship. Have these, and you will have the art of making neighbors, and of making your way quickly to the inside and the best side of a neighbor, and men and women in loving faculties of approval will confer upon you the invisible degree, "Master of Arts."

### (3.) BOOKS.

And now a word about the third teacher who waits to teach us boys and girls and men and women who cannot go to college. His name is Books. He is the same great teacher that they have in colleges, but in this day he goes about the country teaching everybody. He goes to the big city and every alley in it, teaching. He goes to the little village and every cottage in it, teaching. He will teach just what one wants to hear—all manner of trash, all manner of vileness, if one wants that. He does teach a vast deal of mental dissipation, and leads many minds into very bad company. On the other hand, there is no end to the good things he will teach, if one wants them. He will teach us history; he will teach us science; he will teach us the love of good literature; he will teach us how to think well, how to talk well, how to write well. And he will stand to us in place of good society, if we cannot otherwise command it; for in books we can visit the best of the race. He will almost bring the college to us who cannot go to it, if we are willing to study under him patiently and steadily and with high aims. But again, it takes the patience, the steadiness, the high choices, and the hard work, or else he can do little for us. The young man ready to give that price for his

help, will make for himself three golden rules:

I will be a reader.

I will read best books.

I will read best books in the best way.

"I will be a reader": that is, no day shall make me so tired that I will not find an hour; if not an hour, a half hour; if not a half hour, then a quarter; if not a quarter, then five minutes, in which I will read something. With many of us the odd minutes of ten years are enough to make the difference between an educated and an uneducated man. The odd minutes of this summer can make the difference between two good solid books put into us and none at all put in. The odd minutes of tomorrow can make the difference between a rich day and a poor day for our minds. The men on exchange grow rich on margins: it is margins of time well used that gives us mental riches. How many opulent minds have taught that secret! There were Franklin, Theodore Parker, Lincoln—all of them poor boys with horny hands and candlelight, no more. There were Faraday, Chambers, Stephenson, poorer boys, if possible. Many and many a boy starting with good eyes, a fair mind, a strong will, and his odd minutes, has become an intellectual capitalist. Many a boy—and how about the girls? Let me quote from "*Far and Near*," a journal for working girls:

"A young mother said: 'I haven't read a book in three months; I can't with the children.' But her neighbor across the way, with one more child, had read many volumes in that time by always keeping a book in her work-basket, ready to catch up at odd minutes. She seasoned her darning and mending with literature. Lucy Larcom, when a mill girl in Lowell, carried a book in the big pocket of her apron, and records specially the fact that she read Wordsworth's poems and many of Shakspeare's plays in spare minutes amidst the clatter of spindles. Another lady told the writer that she read Carlyle's 'French Revolution' and Taine's 'English Literature' while waiting for her husband to come to dinner. She was her own housemaid and kept the books close at hand in the dining-room."

But, of course, if I am to reach culture, the books I read must be "best books;" not bad, not even pretty good, but the best my mind is able to absorb. That is our second golden rule. In this day of cheap literature, beware of the literature of cheap quality. Too much newspaper will spoil one for magazines. Too much magazine will spoil one for a solid book. Our margins are small. How shall we use them? It is easy to use them all up and have nothing to show. Look out the words "Index Expurgatorius" in the cyclopedia to see what they mean, and then make a private Index Expurgatorius, on which a great many

innocent books, as well as all bad books, should be registered,—innocent books which are not innocent for you and me because our time-margins are so small. Am I a boy, the question on which my education is apt to turn is this: Shall the newspaper be the staple of my reading? Am I a girl, the turning question is: Shall love-stories be the staple of my reading? Am I a grown man or woman, the turning, or perhaps the turned, question is: What sort of books lie waiting on my table for the leisure hour at night, and what do I read on Sunday afternoons? In the public libraries seventy to eighty-five per cent. of the books taken out are classed as "juveniles and fictions." If my library book is often in that seventy per cent., I am no candidate for "culture." Whereas the habit of absorbing three or four "real" books each year, and year by year, goes far towards making one the gentleman or lady.

Of absorbing them, I say, for "I will read best books in the best way." This, our last rule can be put in one word—Read and *ruminate*! Read and ruminate! A book that gives no cud to chew is scarce worth reading once; a book worth reading of which one does not chew the cud, has scarce been read.

A bracing word from John Stuart Mill shall end our talk. He says: "They who know how to employ opportunities will often find that they can create them, and what we achieve depends less on the amount of time we possess than on the use we make of our time. Several great things which this generation is destined to do will assuredly be done by persons for whom society has done far less, to whom it has given far less preparation, than those whom I am now addressing." If that be true in England, how much more true here in the land of opportunity! Work, Society, Books—with these three teachers, and a will to get the best from them, Culture without College is possible, and possible for *me*.

### SUNDAY IN JUNE.

Hark! In the orchard, near to my window,

A thrush is spokesman for all the birds.

"We bring you," he carols, "a new June morning:

Use it—live it—set it to words."

Hark! From the porch, right under my window,

Children's voices rising in glee.

"We bring you," they say, "two souls new dawning:

What is their human day to be?"

Day of June, may the songs that greet you

Ring as clear at your set of sun!

Souls, with you be it always morning,  
Ever a larger life begun!

ELIZA S. TURNER



## World's Fair Notes

Hovenden's "Breaking of Home Ties" must be regarded as one of the successes of the Fair. Hovenden is from Plymouth Meeting, Pa. He must, as Emerson said of Whitman, have had a "long foreground" somewhere, but so far as I know he comes to the Exposition very much of a stranger. But he is a stranger no longer. No painting in the building arrests everybody's attention as this creation of his does.

I overheard one criticism: "Well done, affecting, but commonplace." More commonplace than Millet's "Sheep Shearers," than his "Pig Killers"? But what of commonplace? Are we ashamed of the common, every-day life? Nothing is commonplace, in any sense of being poor or cheap, which art can glorify. Lifted into the realm of the imagination the common things of life take their place securely in the home of the universal, inseparable parts of the whole. But is it meant that Hovenden's picture is "too real" in treatment, depicts everything with too close resemblance to facts, tells the whole story too clearly? Therefore it lacks imagination, leaves no room for imagination. There is much cant about this "too real." Nothing is "too real" until the story is told.

"The Pig Killers" are very real, and the pig is very real, unless his snout is too long; that is very true to life. And the scene of the proposed butchery is realistic enough. But what of that? Is the imagination balked? Not a bit of it. The feelings of that pig, the reasons for his obstinacy, the baffled wiles of the man, the woman's perfidy in trying to fool him to his doom with a bucket of swill—oh, there is plenty of room for the liveliest imagination! And if some tender soul is seeking a "moral"—what a stretch of the imagination awaits it!

In this "Breaking of Home Ties," here is the very embodiment of the mother forcing herself to the inevitable, sending forth her idol boy, now taller than herself, to do his battle alone in the great and all too unfriendly world. She must do it, but her heart is in her eyes, in her every feature, despite all she can do. Will that boy ever forget that look?

And the boy! Choking back now all the great expectations of this to him supreme moment, as he stands on the threshold of the career he has pictured in his mind until it almost seems as real and sure as all that he now puts behind him, he looks past his mother into the future; or, if his eyes meet hers, they still look beyond. He can hardly realize why there should be this agony of parting. He is not afraid; he will return again and they will find that his head has been "level." But the mother thinks she knows the world,

and it is her one stripling boy against it.

But why against it? Is there not some mistake here? The boy has, perhaps, the truer instinct after all. As a rule he will receive from that world in kind like unto that he carries. He will make friends, warm friends, true friends, if he himself be a friend. Let the mother trust him; let her trust the world more. Let her not so much dampen his ardor, nor sow in his heart the seed of too great a suspicion. It is far better for her to believe than to doubt. Yet, there she stands, and cannot do otherwise.

The father, I take it, clutches the grip and moves on, his back to the scene. The boy shall not see tears in his eyes. Yet his heart already is lonesome. He knows the world better than the mother does, is more trustful, courageous, expectant. He would not be so proud of his boy if he did not believe him equal to the emergency.

Altogether, it is a picture too sad to see, yet one that can never be passed.

From the point of view of its technique, it seems a little too smoothly done, and yet it is probably all right. There is no standard in this respect, no better rule than, Handle your material as you please so you hit the mark. Take the dress on this mother,—spotted calico, or whatever it may be,—how it fits to her form with a homely grace, as part and parcel of her very soul. No flowing, sweeping, graceful lines; merely a true mother, clothed simply and unadorned; not a spectacle, but a soul.

S. H. M.

## Correspondence

### THE COMING CHURCH.

DEAR UNITY: I wish to send you my congratulations over recent improvements. Surely the thoughts of freedom should be clothed in choicest form. UNITY is needed in the ranks of rationalism. Its cry for a religion greater than any denomination is a wholesome noise. Gladly do I welcome the "one step more" in the history of UNITY's improvement. One suggestive sentence in an editorial of May last I hope some day will bring results: "Would not this conference [the W. U. C.] be coming not only to itself, but to its own, if it called itself the Western Conference of Liberal, or Free, Churches?" Some of us feel a growing need of a conference with another name. The "Unitarian" name is a good name. It has served its purpose well. But the movement which that name to-day tries to represent is far greater than our denominational history. Can we wisely wish the name to be a "red rag" to bigotry and ignorance? and such it surely is. Our individual churches will hold the name applied to the conferences. We have that much of organization, at least,

in our denomination. Let the conference therefore change. May the discussion continue until it issues in a "conference of progressive churches." Such a conference will be not Western, but American. It will not be a "branch" of Unitarianism, but Unitarian conferences will become its auxiliaries. May the Western conferences give its emphasis, as it has ever given it, to rational, broad religion,—to rationality and breadth for the sake of religion; and may it in all peace and friendliness establish the "coming church!"

If the Western Conference ever takes such a step, or if it does not, UNITY will still advocate the church too great for name to fetter it, too free for any bonds.

If the church needs any one thing more than another, it is to be "socialized." "For thee and for me" should be its motto. And this state of church life will never come until the people ask for it by their appreciation. Educate the people, therefore, O UNITY! The secular press will not do it. Few people read the social science press of the day, and it must be acknowledged that they might absorb more fanaticism than wisdom if they did. Give us a religious sociology, a study of the association of hearts and heads! If UNITY will do this thing it will become the prophet of the Higher Faith.

LESLIE W. SPRAGUE.

San Francisco, Cal.

### OPIUM-FIENDS FROM THE CRADLE.

[The following communication we print in fitting humiliation. Notwithstanding our vigilance and well-understood policy, the medicine man will creep into our advertising columns once in a while. As soon as our attention was called to it, the obnoxious advertisement was suppressed, and a snug little annual contract for advertising space sacrificed. Only those who have tried it will ever know how persistently business and principle seem to war with each other in the advertising department of a newspaper.—ED.]

DEAR UNITY: It gave me quite a start, the other day, to find you taking stock (inadvertently, of course) in the business of making opium-fiends.

Probably nothing else—not even the reckless prescribing of laudanum and hypodermic injections by certain classes of "physicians"—has done more to breed the opium habit in this country than the persistent advertising of the famous (or infamous) nostrum, composed of syrup, anise and morphine, wherewith credulous young parents and unscrupulous nurses have, for a generation past, been urged to dose and soothe (stupidly) helpless babies. The seeds of that baleful habit have been imbibed with the mother's milk; and the "doped" cigarette a few years later has quickened their sprouting.

The facts of the case are too well known among well-informed people to call for testimony or argument in your columns. And for my part, I do not believe that the vilified Chinaman's opium-joint has wrought America a tithe of the harm that has



been done our little ones by the business enterprise and "push" of a single drug firm, which have been bribing the press of the country generally, year after year, with the price of a three-line "ad."!

For once UNITY seems to have been caught napping; but for the sake of the higher health, of sobriety and humanity, make haste and get up again among the "few honorable exceptions"!

Faithfully and fraternally yours,  
N. E. B.

Chicago, Ills.

### AUTHORITY WANTED.

TO THE EDITOR OF UNITY: In a recent discussion with a Methodist I asserted that Wesley was radically opposed to the Trinity doctrine, and denounced it in very emphatic terms, but when my authority was called for I could not give it.

I am convinced, however, that the statement was correct, and will be obliged if you or any reader of UNITY will inform me where the proof of the assertion can be found.

CINCINNATI.

### The Study Table

THE MONIST for the quarter ending in July, beside several interesting reviews, had two discussions which commanded our special attention: that between Mr. Peirce and the editor on "Chance versus Necessitarianism," in which Dr. Carus shows himself an able controversialist, and Prof. E. D. Cope's paper on "The Foundations of Thism." While we are unable to accept all his premises and conclusions, we found much in this article that was suggestive and helpful. As illustrative of this we quote his statement of the "utilitarian ground of our numerous ethical and religious organizations:"

If ethics cannot exist without material expression, it is clear that, on the other hand, they cannot exist without a subjective foundation. Thus ethics is the highest expression of the relation between mind and matter. Ethics is the practical application of the mental powers to human relations, and the more complete the evolution of mind the more perfect is the ethical practice. Thus the evolution of the mind is the guarantee of ethical progress, and the more intelligent the mind, the more easy will the evolution be. As in all education, the laggards experience the severities of compulsion, while pains and penalties are avoided by those who perceive their approach and do not await their arrival. Here we have the utilitarian ground of our numerous ethical and religious organizations. They invite men to a *priori* subjective theory, and objective practice, so as to preserve society from the evils of inferior and painful methods of compulsion, which lie at the basis of ethical evolution. It is the dread of this method which rouses a natural repugnance in the minds of many men to the doctrine which teaches of it. But it must be remembered that the instruments of evolution change with

the thing that is evolving, and the conditions of progressive ethics are the stages of progress of the mind. What is necessary for the education of the lower mind is no longer necessary for the higher. This is not only a truth of philosophy, but the fact may be discerned in the religions which men made for themselves. They describe the ethical state of their authors, and prescribe the treatment appropriate to it.

THE OUTLOOK continues to deserve the esteem won by the *Christian Union*. The issue of August 5 is a particularly rich one. The editorial, "Settled," although perhaps stating what is now agreed upon as religious truth a little too strongly, certainly gives an approximately correct picture of the present state of religious science. In another column we republish the editor's discussion of "The Weakness of Self-consciousness." In the two papers on the financial question, that by the bimetallist, A. Foster Higgins, is at the same time one of the best and briefest statements of that side of the question that we have seen.

### Notes from the Field

**Pittsfield, Mass.**—Rev. W. W. Fenn, of the Church of the Messiah, Chicago, will preach here Aug. 27 and Sept. 3. Every one of our church should read Prof. Harnack's article on the Apostles' Creed in the July number of the *Nineteenth Century*. Rev. Mr. Horst gave an excellent sermon on "The Four Corner Stones of Our Faith," which are: 1. The honest, heroic search for truth. We believe in the continuous revelation of God, which implies that all the truth has not yet been spoken. 2. Christ, whom we follow as our master and under whose leadership we seek to build up the kingdom of heaven on earth—i. e., by love and helpfulness make earth our community, our own homes a heaven. 3. The worship of God. 4. The service of man, in which all true worship must express itself. This noble faith of ours which loves truth, and follows Christ, and worships God, and helps men, is good, not only for this day and age, but for all times, for it is founded on eternal principles which can not pass away. All true Christian faith must be founded on these principles, which no man can ever outgrow, unless he can outgrow God.—*Unity Notes, in The Berkshire Eagle*

**Ramona Ranch, Montana.**—On Tuesday, July 25, 1893, Rev. J. H. Crooker, of Helena, officiated here at a double wedding,—the marriage of Charles J. Mayers and Fannie M. Spencer; and also, Frederick A. Spencer and Hattie Wood,—son and daughter of Rev. A. A. Spencer, well known in Wisconsin, and at present at the head of this very successful educational work among the Crow Indians.

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### WORLD'S FAIR ACCOMMODATIONS.

The following chances for entertainment are all vouched for by the editor of this paper. All the advertising parties are known to him and they belong to Unity's household:

**L. A. WHITE**, 6427 Sheridan avenue. My private residence in Woodlawn Park is open for visitors. Location, four blocks west of 64th street entrance to grounds, in a delightful residence neighborhood; quiet and restful, being one and one-half blocks from a traffic street, and the same from any railroad. Will send circulars and information to parties desiring.

**MRS. M. H. PERKINS**, private residence, 3929 Indiana avenue. Twenty minutes' ride by Elevated Road to Fair Grounds. House new and with superior plumbing. Boarding houses and cafes convenient and reasonable in price. Terms, \$1.00 per day. Special rates for periods of two weeks or more.

**MRS. J. A. MCKINNEY**, 4209 Ellis avenue, will be glad to entertain World's Fair visitors. House stone; rooms large and airy; 3 blocks from Illinois Central; five minutes' ride to grounds; fare, five cents. Terms, \$1.50 each per day for August.

**UNITY BUILDING**, 286 Woodlawn Terrace. Four minutes' walk from entrance to the Fair. Unitarian headquarters. Rooms at moderate prices. Send for circular to Mrs. R. H. Kelly, 1018 Chamber of Commerce Building, Chicago.

**GIRLS' COLLEGIATE SCHOOL**, 479-481 Dearborn Ave., CHICAGO. 18th year begins Sept. 20th. Prepares for college and gives special courses of study. For Young Ladies and Children. MISS R. S. RICE, A.M. } Principals.  
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## The Home

### Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Commend to the keeping of the Truth whatever the Truth hath given thee, and thou shalt lose nothing.

MON.—One must have gone through the dark places if he is to carry others through them.

TUES.—In the most pessimist forecasts we make of ourselves, there is always an under protest of hope.

WED.—She would not harass his inexperience with over-advice.

THURS.—A strong nature has always difficulty in self-revelation.

FRI.—There need be no sting in the world unless we ourselves envenom it.

SAT.—The torch of God passes on its way, hand reaching out to hand.

—Mrs. Humphrey Ward.

### THE WORD SHE REMEMBERED.

"You remember the sermon you heard, my dear?"

The little one blushed and dropped her eyes,

Then lifted them bravely, with look of cheer,

Eyes that were blue as the summer skies.

"I'm afraid I forgot what the minister said,

He said so much to the grown-up men,

And the pulpit was 'way over my head;

But I told mamma that he said, 'Amen.'

"And 'Amen,' you know, means 'Let it be,'

Whatever our Lord may please to do;

And that is sermon enough for me,

If I mind and feel so, the whole week through."

I took the little one's word to heart:

I wish I could carry it all day long,

The "Amen" spirit which hides the art  
To meet each cross with a happy song.

—M. E. Sangster, in *Myrtle*.

### A LITTLE GIRL'S VISIT TO FRANCE.

Margery and Cuthbert lived in a little town in the south of England. Every summer they went with Mamma to the seashore. They had been to Brighton, Yarmouth, Scarborough and Leamington.

"This year," said Mamma, "we will go to Dover."

"And perhaps I can run down for

a week or two and take you across the Channel to France," added Papa.

"Won't that be fun?" said Cuthbert, aged eleven. Margery, who was seven, and just beginning to study the French grammar, asked timidly:

"How can we understand what the people say?"

"We will invite Cousin Laura to go with us," said Mamma. Cousin Laura was a grown-up young lady who had just finished school, and prided herself upon her pure Parisian accent.

Two delightful weeks were spent in Dover. The children found various treasures in the shape of shells, stones and seaweed on the beach; they rode on the patient donkeys, dug sand with their wooden spades, gazed curiously into the windows of the tiny houses hollowed out of the huge white cliffs, and looked with awe upon the immense mountain of chalk that loomed behind their boarding-house, on which the tall soldiers in scarlet uniform looked, to the wondering eyes below, like tiny toy men, and their barracks like dolls' houses. They went up the Giant's Causeway to Dover Castle, in which are stored many curious things, not the least interesting to Cuthbert being the coats of mail and visors worn by gallant knights of old. They walked along the Grand Parade, and on the pier far out into the sea. One day, while on one of the smaller cliffs, Cuthbert thought it would be great fun to roll down its steep declivity.

"No, no!" said Mamma. "You might injure yourself for life."

Just then, whether by accident or design they never knew, over the edge went Cuthbert. Mamma almost fainted with fright, Cousin Laura screamed, and Margery began to cry. But Cuthbert, at the foot of the cliff, rose to his feet, clapped his hands, and laughed aloud. He wasn't hurt, and wanted to repeat the experiment, but Mamma would not hear of it.

The morning set for crossing the Straits rose gray and lowering. A strong gale was blowing, but their trunks were packed, arrangements made, and they determined to go if possible. It was only with the greatest difficulty, and by the offer of an extra fee, that Papa could induce a captain to take them in such a furious storm. Finally they put out to sea, Margery carrying a big bag of lemons, and Cuthbert a bottle of brandy, two infallible remedies for seasickness. No sooner were they seated than the boat gave a lurch, and Cuthbert fell forward; the bottle broke, and all the brandy was spilled on the deck, where probably it did just as much good as it would have done elsewhere. Oh, how that boat rocked and creaked and groaned! Angry waves dashed against her sides, but she bore up bravely, and kept on her way, though wind and tide were against her.

Soon Mamma and Margery had to retire to the cabin below, and Papa

went to wait upon them, for the lemons were of no avail. Cousin Laura and Cuthbert staid on deck. Laura would have been drenched by the salt spray had not the kind-hearted captain lent her a dread-naught coat, which covered her from head to feet. Cuthbert enveloped himself in Mamma's shawl, much too large and too long, and trailed up and down the wet, slippery deck, greatly to the amusement of the captain and crew. All were glad when safely landed and housed in the cheery hotel at Calais. Such a dinner as they ate. First came soup, which the ladies could not touch, because that mischievous boy, Cuthbert, declared he saw frogs' legs in it; but Papa pronounced it very good; then a roasted chicken, daintily browned, with delicious gravy; vegetables served in all sorts of fantastic shapes; tomatoes like large pink puff balls; potatoes that seemed to be snowy flakes of sea foam; pale-green cabbage leaves, crisp and curly, filled with ripe red raspberries; sherbets that sparkled, and custards beyond compare.

After dinner they drove along pleasant country roads and winding lanes, and watched the peasants gathering in the vintage. Grapes hung in clusters by the roadside, and the polite and friendly driver frequently dismounted to pluck some for the thirsty travelers.

Two sleepy children crept into the queer white-canopied beds that night and slept as soundly as though in their own little cots at home.

The next day they took the diligence for Boulogne. The polite landlord, the stout landlady, the son and daughter, the old grandmother, and all the lackeys, big and little, came into the courtyard to see them off. Papa gladdened the grandmother's heart by telling her how strongly she resembled his mother. Mamma bought of the pretty waiting-maid her quaint white cap as a souvenir. Laura showered smiles and thanks upon them all, though I regret to say that half her pretty phrases were not understood, for the French of the schools and the French spoken in France somehow seem to differ in sound.

At Boulogne they saw the famous Napoleon monument, and ascended its spiral stairway to the summit, from whence they had a magnificent view of the towns and villages below and the blue expanse of sea beyond. Cuthbert, who was always playing pranks, terrified Mamma by wanting to balance himself on the railing, climb outside of it, and other foolish acts. Mamma and Margery were glad to go down to earth again, for the great height made them dizzy and faint, and Cuthbert was such a tease.

Then they went on to Paris—gay and beautiful Paris, with its outdoor life, its wonderful shops and cafes, its beautiful churches, fragrant with incense and gorgeous with



precious stones and costly stuffs. Through the dim cloisters they wandered, where black-robed priests and sweet-faced nuns mingled with the market woman with her basket, the huckster with his wares, and the high-born lady with her sorrows, who knelt on the floor and prayed to the pitying Christ.

All too swiftly glided by those sweet September days, and almost before they could realize it they were again in their own dear home.

"Next year," said Mamma, "we will go to Spain."

Alas! when next year came Mamma had gone to an unknown country, and Margery and Cuthbert were motherless.

M. R. H.

#### HOW NANNIE RETRIEVED HERSELF.

Almost all children have a troublesome habit of telling the truth about things, and blurt it out in season and out of season, and keep their relatives in a state of abject terror at the way in which they often betray family opinions. Nannie was no exception to this rule, and her mother, like other mothers, found it difficult to teach her that while truthfulness was essential, the truth—or, rather, facts which some people mistake as the only truths—should not always be spoken; that while we must not say a thing is good which is altogether bad, it is permitted us to keep silence without any transgression of the moral law.

One day Nannie was taken in to see the new baby and cousin. After viewing it with great gravity for several moments she said, "I t'ink it's a berry homely baby."

After they had reached home her mother took her to task for her plainness of speech. Nannie, of course, insisted that the baby was homely and she had only told the truth. "But, Nannie," said Mamma, "it would have been better not to have said anything; or you could have said it had pretty hair, for that is true. I'm afraid you hurt Aunty's feelings."

On the next visit Nannie hastened to retrieve herself. "Aunty," she remarked, after a long look at the small creature, "Aunty, I t'ink your baby is berry decent!" and her mother in despair came to the wise conclusion to leave Nannie in the future to the promptings of her own innocent mind.

#### A GENIUS FOR HELPING FOLKS.

"There is a man," said his neighbor, speaking of a village carpenter, "who has done more good, I really believe, in this community than any man who ever lived in it. He cannot talk very well in prayer meeting, and he doesn't often try. He isn't worth \$2,000, and it is very little he can put down on subscription papers for any object. But a new family never moves into the village that he does not find them out, to give them a neighborly welcome, and offer any

little service he can render. He is usually on the lookout to give strangers a seat in his pew in church. He is always ready to watch with a sick neighbor, and look after his affairs for him; and I've sometimes thought he and his wife kept house-plants in winter just for the sake of being able to send little bouquets to invalids. He finds time for a pleasant word for every child he meets, and you'll always see them climbing into his one-horse wagon when he has no other load. He really seems to have a genius for helping folks in all sorts of common ways, and it does me good every day just to meet him on the streets."

—Selected.

#### The Six Years' Course of Sunday School Lessons.

The first year's work, "Beginnings," originally prepared by the lamented Henry Doty Maxson, and upon which Mr. Gould has been working for the past year, has gone to the printer and will be ready for sale by the first of September. Price 25 cents, postpaid, or \$2.50 per dozen. The Western Sunday School Society is prepared to take advance orders. Those interested are requested to send orders as soon as possible, so that the book may be in their hands by the opening of Sunday School in the autumn.

M. H. PERKINS, Secretary,  
175 Dearborn St., Chicago.

## THE SEVENTH ANNUAL S. S. INSTITUTE,

Under the auspices of the Western S. S. Society, will be held this year in the UNITY BUILDING, under the management of

## The Tower Hill Pleasure Co.

AUGUST 7 TO 18.

The building is located at 286 Woodlawn Terrace, within three minutes' walk of one of the World's Fair gates, and about the same distance from the Illinois Central Railroad Station at Sixty-seventh street.

The program this year will consist of ten two-hour sessions, from 10 to 12 a. m., led by Rev. W. W. Fenn. The study will be devoted to the fourth year's work of the Six Years' Course—"The Flowering of the Hebrew Religion;" The New Testament Time. Mr. Fenn proposes to arrange the studies upon an art string, using the great masterpieces of Christian art as centers around which the story of Jesus, the disciples and the apostles will be told. So far as possible these pictures will be made available to teachers and pupils.

It is hoped that this Institute work will fit into; rather than interfere with, the sight-seeing of World's Fair attendants, and every help possible to the management in this direction will be rendered.

Arrangements for room and board at economic prices can be made in the Unity Building or in the immediate vicinity.

Institute tickets for the season, \$2.00. For further particulars concerning Institute, address MRS. E. T. LEONARD, 6600 Ellis Ave., Chicago. Application for room etc., to be made to MRS. R. H. KELLY, 286 Woodlawn Terrace.

#### THE SUNDAY SCHOOL INSTITUTE PROGRAM.

In the New Testament lessons for next year, which will form the basis of the Institute work, three things will be attempted: First—to study a few good pictures; second, to present by the pictures, arranged in chronological order, the chief events in New Testament history; third, to show, by the aid of the pictures, leading New Testament ideas which may be regarded as the flowering of the Hebrew religion. Obviously no single lesson can be completely ideal: an event which cannot be omitted in an outline of New Testament history may not have been the subject of a great painting; or, sometimes, a picture of not the highest artistic merit may show more clearly than another intrinsically better a truth which must be included. Yet it is believed that a set of fairly good pictures has been selected, and that the series, if not perfectly ideal, will be found serviceable.

The pictures selected are the following:

The Holy Night—Correggio.

The above will explain itself. We earnestly solicit the co-operation of ministers, Sunday-school superintendents and teachers in extending this notice. One representative from each school that proposes to use this fourth year's study in the Six Years' Course, at the Institute, will greatly help the teachers' meeting and other Sunday-school work in the parish during the year.

The Sistine Madonna—Raphael.  
The Carpenter's Son—Hofmann.  
Christ Disputing with the Doctors—Hofmann.  
The Baptism by John—Dore.  
Tempted by Satan—Cornecelius.  
Christ Preaching from a Boat—Hofmann.  
The Sower—Millet.  
Jesus and the Sinner—Hofmann.  
The Good Samaritan.  
Jesus and the Children—Hofmann.  
The Transfiguration—Raphael.  
Purifying the Temple—Hofmann.  
The Last Supper—Leonardo da Vinci.  
Ecce Homo—Rembrandt.  
The Crucifixion—Angelo.  
Easter Morning—Plochorst.  
The Omnipresent Christ—Hofmann.  
The Death of Ananias—Raphael.  
Stephen the Martyr.  
Paul Preaching in Athens—Raphael.  
Christus Consolator—Scheffer.

All of these pictures are published by Soule, and arrangements will be made to supply sets at lowest possible rates. This list is published provisionally, subject to slight alterations before the meeting of the Institute.

W. W. FENN.

E. T. LEONARD, 6600 Ellis Ave.



## Announcements

THE FRATERNITY OF LIBERAL  
RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES IN  
CHICAGO.

The bracketed words in the list below indicate the special fellowship with which the societies have been identified; but for all local, ethical and spiritual purposes the words are growing less and less in importance, when used to differentiate the one from the other. The pastors and societies named below have a growing sense of community of work and interest, viz.: The liberation of the human mind from superstition and bigotry, the consecration of the life that now is, and the ennobling of our city, our country and the world.

UNITY WILL BE GLAD TO PUBLISH, IN THIS COLUMN, SUNDAY ANNOUNCEMENTS, OR ANY OTHER NOTICE OF ACTIVITIES IN CONNECTION WITH ANY OF THESE SOCIETIES, FREE OF CHARGE. COPY MUST BE SENT TO UNITY OFFICE NO LATER THAN TUESDAY MORNING OF EACH WEEK.

ALL SOULS CHURCH (Unitarian), corner Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Minister.

CENTRAL CHURCH (Independent), Central Music Hall, corner of State and Randolph streets. David Swing, Minister.

CHURCH OF OUR FATHER (Universalist), 80 Hall street. L. J. Dinsmore, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), corner of Michigan avenue and 23d street. W. W. Fenn, Minister.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER (Universalist), corner Warren avenue and Robey street. W. H. Harris, Minister.

ENGLEWOOD UNIVERSALIST CHURCH, Stewart avenue and 65th street. R. A. White, Minister.

ETHICAL CULTURE SOCIETY, Grand Opera House, Clark street, near Randolph. M. M. Mangasarian, Minister.

FRIEND'S SOCIETY, second floor of the Athenaeum Building, 18 Van Buren Street. John J. Cornell and others will speak.

K. A. M. CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 33d street. Isaac S. Moses, Minister.

OAK PARK UNITY CHURCH (Universalist). R. F. Jonhnot, Minister.

PEOPLE'S CHURCH (Independent), McVicker's Theater, Madison street, near State. H. W. Thomas, Minister.

RYDER CHAPEL (Universalist), Sheridan avenue, Woodlawn. John S. Cantwell, Minister.

SINAI CONGREGATION (Jewish), Indiana avenue and 21st street. E. G. Hirsch, Minister.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH (Universalist), Prairie avenue and 28th street. A. J. Canfield, Minister.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner of Monroe and Laffin streets. J. Vila Blake, Minister.

UNITY CHURCH (Unitarian), corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place. T. G. Milsted, Minister.

ZION CONGREGATION (Jewish), corner Washington boulevard and Union Park. Joseph Stoltz, Minister.

AT ALL SOULS CHURCH, next Sunday, the pastor, Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, will preach at 11 a. m., on "Jesus, the Founder of Christianity."

## Too Many

to print; that is why we never use testimonials in our advertising. We are constantly receiving them from all parts of the world. The Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk is the best infant's food. Grocers and Druggists.

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## INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF UNITARIANS

To be held in Chicago, Sept. 16-23, 1893,

Under the Auspices of the WORLD'S CONGRESS AUXILIARY of the WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

(The arrangement of the parts subject to revision.)

THE UNITARIAN EXPOSITION IN THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS  
At Art Institute Building. REV. E. E. HALE presiding.

Saturday, Sept. 16.

THE UNITARIAN MOVEMENT.

10 A. M.—Its Representative Men..... Rev. Theodore Williams, New York  
Its Theological Method..... Rev. M. St. C. Wright, New York  
Its Place in the Development of Christianity.

\*Prof. C. B. Upton, B. A., B. Sc., Oxford, England

The Church of the Spirit.....

2 P. M.—In Literature..... Rev. Augustus M. Lord

In Philanthropy..... Rev. F. G. Peabody, D. D., Cambridge

In the Growth of Democracy

Rev. Horatio Stebbins, D. D., San Francisco

Sunday, Sept. 17.

There will be preaching by the visiting Unitarian clergy in as many of the churches of the city as can be arranged for.

UNITARIAN INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS

To be held in the Sinai Temple (Dr. Hirsch's), corner Indiana avenue and Twenty-first street.

Monday, Sept. 18.

3 P. M.—Meeting of Local Committee and Advisory Council in one of the lesser Halls of Art Institute.

8 P. M.—Reception in Unity Church.

Address of Welcome..... Rev. Robert Collyer, New York

Original Hymn..... Rev. F. L. Hosmer

Tuesday, Sept. 19.

THE HISTORY OF UNITARIANISM.

(a) From the Sermon on the Mount to the Nicene Creed—Rev. T. R. Slicer, Buffalo

(b) In Poland..... \*Rev. Alex. Gordon, M. A., Manchester, England

(c) In Hungary..... \*Prof. S. Boros, Transylvania

(d) In France..... Prof. G. Bonet-Maury, Paris

(e) In Germany.....

(f) In Italy..... Prof. Bracciforti, Milan

(g) In Scandinavia..... Prof. Carl Van Bergen, Stockholm

(h) In England..... Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, London, England

(i) In Holland..... Rev. F. W. N. Hugenholtz, Jr., Grand Rapids, Mich.

(j) In America: Unitarianism in Its Pre-Transcendental Period

Rev. J. H. Allen, D. D., Cambridge, Mass.

Unitarianism in Its Transcendental Period..... Rev. Geo. Batchelor

Unitarianism in Its Post-Transcendental Period..... Rev. J. C. Learned, St. Louis

Evening. UNITARIANISM IN NON-CHRISTIAN DEVELOPMENT.

Protab Mozoomdar..... Calcutta, India

A Representative Jew.....

A Representative Mohammedan.....

Wednesday, Sept. 20.

THE RELIGIOUS DOCTRINES OF UNITARIANISM.

(a) The Human Roots of Religion..... Rev. F. B. Hornbrooke, West Newton, Mass.

(b) God..... Rev. S. M. Crothers, St. Paul, Minn.

(c) Jesus..... Rev. J. H. Crooker, Helena, Mont.

Evening.

(d) Man..... Rev. H. M. Simmons, Minneapolis, Minn.

(e) The Problem of Evil..... Rev. S. R. Calthrop, Syracuse

(f) The Life Eternal..... Rev. M. J. Savage, Boston

Thursday, Sept. 21.

UNITARIANISM AND MODERN THOUGHT.

(a) Scientific... \*Rev. H. W. Crosskey, LL. D., F. G. S., Birmingham, England

(b) Old Testament Criticism..... Prof. C. H. Toy, D. D., LL. D., Cambridge

(c) New Testament Criticism.....

(d) Social Problems..... \*Rev. P. H. Wicksteed, M. A., London, England

(e) Extra-Biblical Religions..... Rev. Geo. A. Thayer, Cincinnati, Ohio

(f) The Hymns of the Church..... Rev. A. P. Putnam, Concord, Mass.

Evening.

THE PROMISE OF UNITARIANISM.

Addresses by: A Layman, Revs. Anna Garlin Spencer, W. C. Gannett, E. E. Hale.

Friday, Sept. 22. PRESENT ORGANIZED FORCES OF UNITARIANISM.

10 A. M.—American Unitarian Association..... Rev. Grindall Reynolds

National Conference..... Rev. W. H. Lyon

British and Foreign Unitarian Association

Rev. W. Copeland Bowie, Secretary

Transylvania..... Bishop Ferencz or Prof. Boros

Western Unitarian Conference..... Rev. F. L. Hosmer

Unitarian S. S. Society..... Rev. E. A. Horton

Unitarian Guilds..... Rev. B. R. Bulkeley, Concord

Unity Clubs..... Rev. G. W. Cooke, Boston

W. U. S. Society..... Rev. A. W. Gould, Chicago

Pacific Coast Conference..... Rev. C. W. Wendte, San Francisco

Southern Conference..... Rev. G. L. Chaney, Atlanta, Ga.

In Australia..... Miss C. H. Spence

2 P. M.—Women's Meeting.

Evening.

Fellowship Meeting. In charge of.....

WITH SPEAKERS FROM ALL BRANCHES OF THE LIBERAL MOVEMENT IN RELIGION.

Names to be announced Congress Week.

Saturday, Sept. 23. 8 P. M.—Reception in Church of the Messiah.

\*Those marked with an asterisk are not expected in person.



### Publisher's Notes

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### THE SOUTHERN UNITARIAN.

Official Organ of the Southern Conference. A monthly magazine, published at Atlanta, Ga. REV. GEO. L. CHANEY, Editor. WRITE FOR SAMPLE COPY.

### Woman, Church and State.

This long promised book by Matilda Joselyn Gage has just been issued in a handsome volume of 555 pages. The announcement of this forthcoming work a few years since with the publication of a preliminary sketch of its contents roused much interest both in this country and in Europe, and many letters of inquiry regarding it have been received every year since. Therefore it is with pleasure we answer all such enquiries by the announcement of its publication by our firm.

Mrs. Gage has long been known as a profound thinker, spoken of as possessing "curious and minute historical knowledge, a peculiar sense of justice, and an intense and passionate love of liberty." Profoundly stirred to the depths of her being by the wrongs and injustice perpetrated upon her sex, a pioneer in the Woman Suffrage reform, devoting her life to its advocacy and advancement, her latest and most profound work in this line is "Woman, Church and State." Mrs. Gage has given years to its preparation. It is a historical work, rendered doubly valuable by copious notes and references to authorities not easily accessible to the general reader, and is an emphatic refutation of that assertion so often made by the clergy, that woman holds a higher position under Christianity than ever before. The chapter upon the "Matriarchate" proves the high position woman held among ancient nations, both in religion and government, ages before the rise of either Judaism or Christianity. While these forms of religion represent the Patriarchate or Father-rule, it is an unquestionable fact that under the Matriarchate or Mother-rule which preceded it, woman was superior to man in religion, government and the family, while peace and justice reigned supreme. A vast fund of information upon religious, social and governmental points is contained in this book. Parker Pillsbury, the veteran abolitionist who is numbered among the "Twelve Apostles" of the Anti-Slavery reform, and who was for four years a Theological student in two New England Seminaries, said of the preliminary sketch: "It contains facts in church history of stupendous importance, not taught in any Seminary or University in Christendom."

The chapter upon "Celibacy" is especially strong, showing the growth of this idea and its final confirmation as a dogma of the church, although opposed by St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Paphnutius, the martyr bishop of Thebes; also its terrible results in the destruction of virtue; its establishment of two codes of morals; its creation

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of the confessional and control of the family; its system of concubinage; the increased persecution for witchcraft and the enlarged power of the Inquisition under it. We consider the chapter upon celibacy one of the most important in the book, where all are valuable.

Tracing the gradual encroachment of Canon Law, Mrs. Gage shows the power it gained by its control of wills, the guardianship of orphans, marriage and divorce; and from the best authority she proves the sanction of Polygamy by the Christian Church. Abby Hutchinson (Patten) one of the original famous Hutchinson-singers once said, "I like to hear Mrs. Gage speak; she always says something new and different from others." The chapter entitled "Woman and Work" is a unique presentation of that question fully sustaining Mrs. Gage's reputation of "saying things different from others."

In "The Church of To-Day" the teachings of the pulpit as to woman's created inferiority and "original sin" are brought down to the present hour. "Woman, Church and State" is a terrible indictment of Christianity and the civilization of to-day, the church as Mrs. Gage points out, citing from excellent authorities, first lowering the position of woman in everything connected with itself, then in the state and in the family. Yet the work is calm and dispassionate; no sense of personal injury is shown, but the facts are as coolly and as clearly stated, as any great jurist might present them. While in a general way the world has known that the policy of the church has always been to subordinate woman, and through her dominate the world, the facts proving this have never before been so thoroughly and authoritatively given. While thousands have seen the evils of catholicism, few have become aware of the equal danger to liberty arising from the orthodox protestant church, and fewer still realize the present danger in our own country owing to the work of the "Christian Party in Politics" and its determination to introduce a religious amendment in the National Constitution. These dangers are pointed out by Mrs. Gage. To read the book will be a liberal education in many directions.

The value of the book is acknowledged by all who know Mrs. Gage and her work. Helen Gardener has written us, "I shall want the first copy issued."

The price of the book in substantial cloth binding is \$2.00, including prepayment of expressage to any address.

**Charles H. Kerr & Company, Publishers,**  
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